

CHARLTON
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NO. 6
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BARNEY & BETTY RUBBLE

ALL NEW

The **FLINTSTONES'** NEIGHBORS



Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

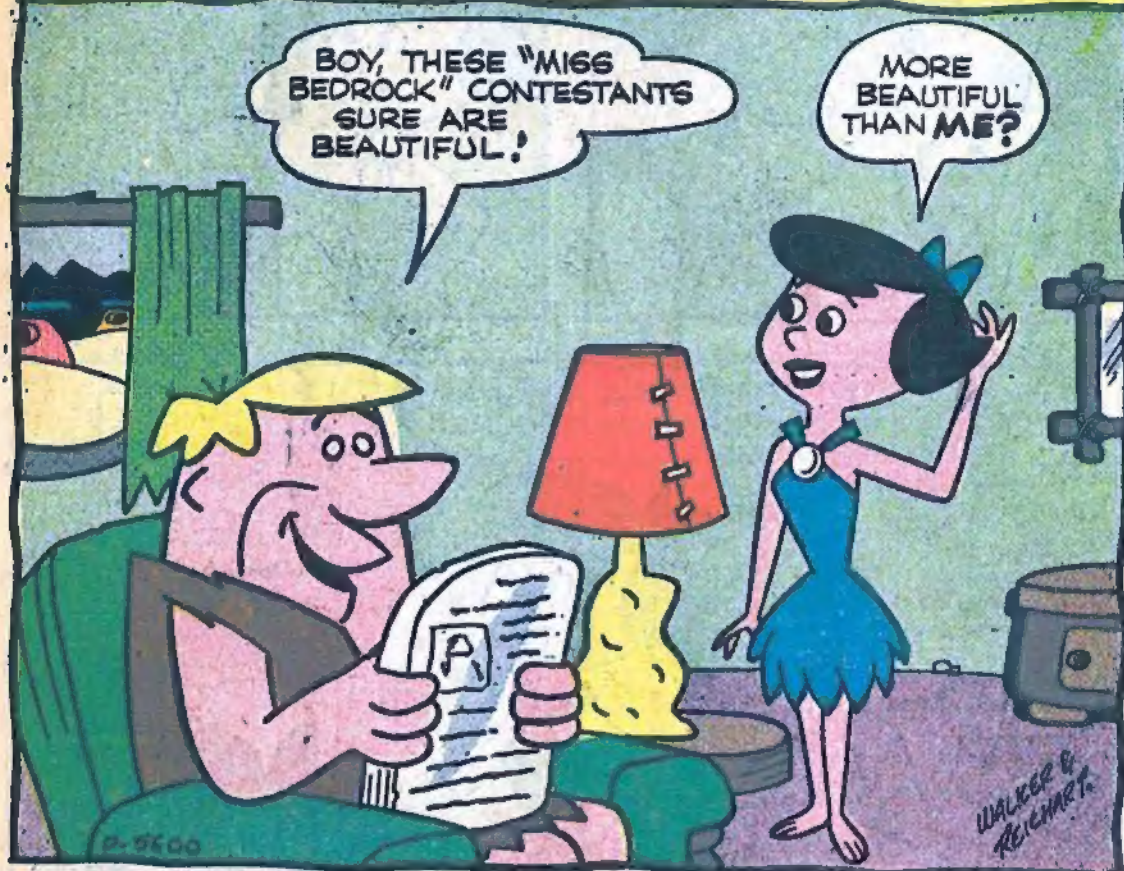
Hanna-Barbara
Production



00006

Barney & Betty Rubble

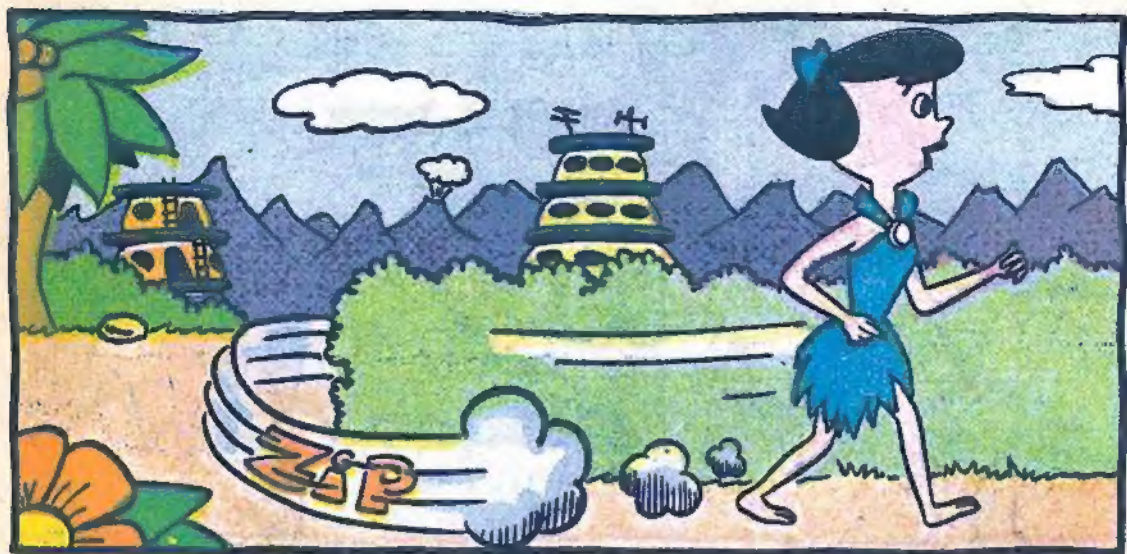
in THE WAIT PROGRAM



BARNEY & BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 1, No. 6, November, 1973.

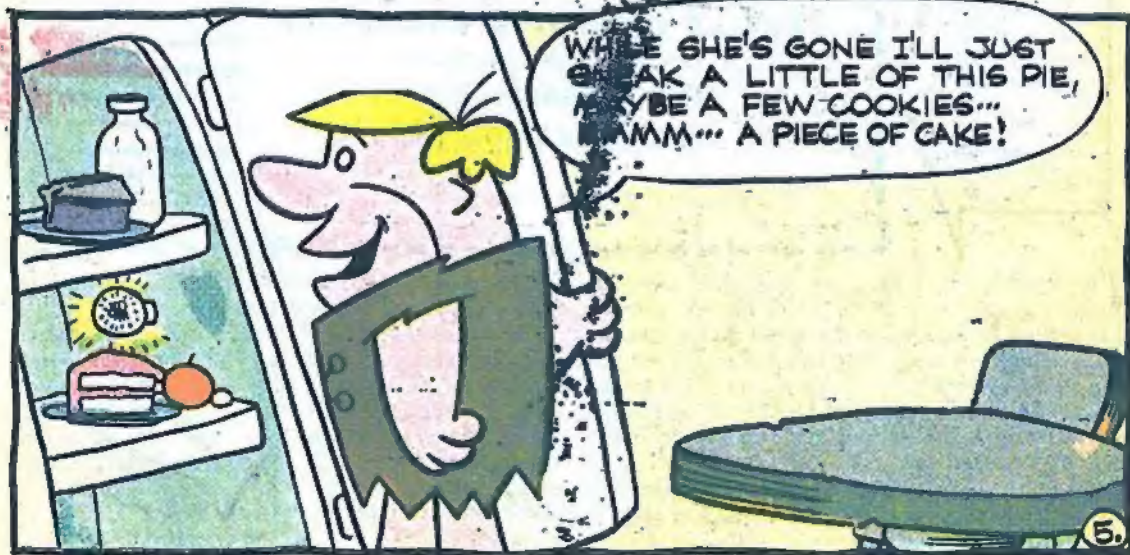
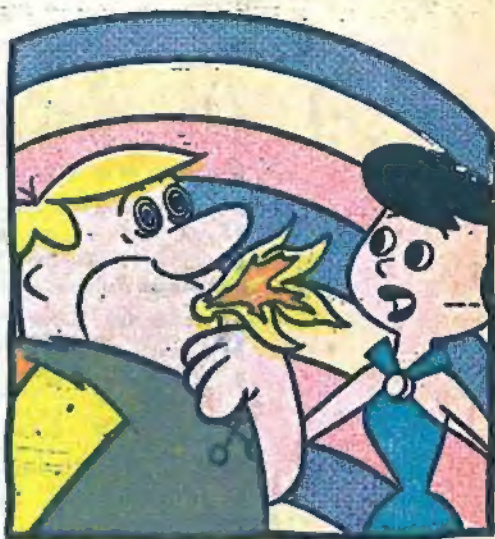
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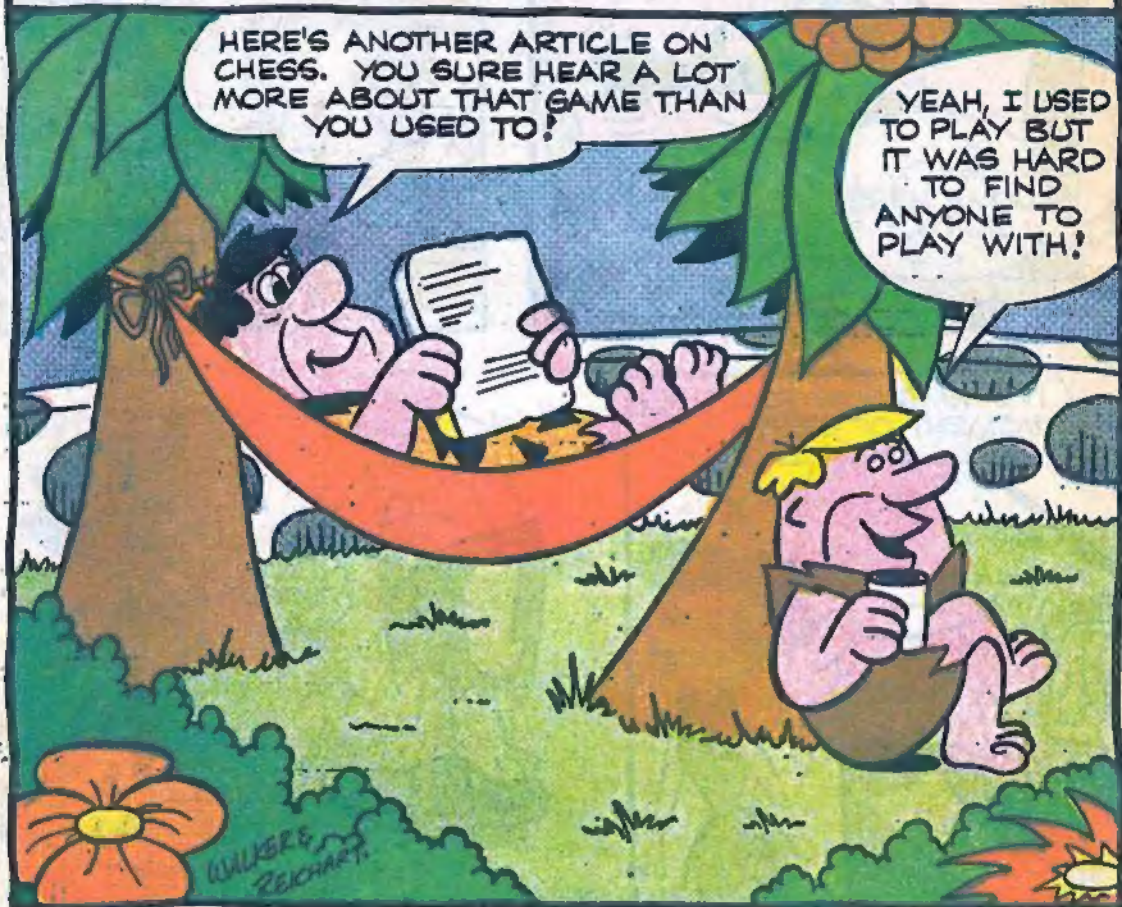


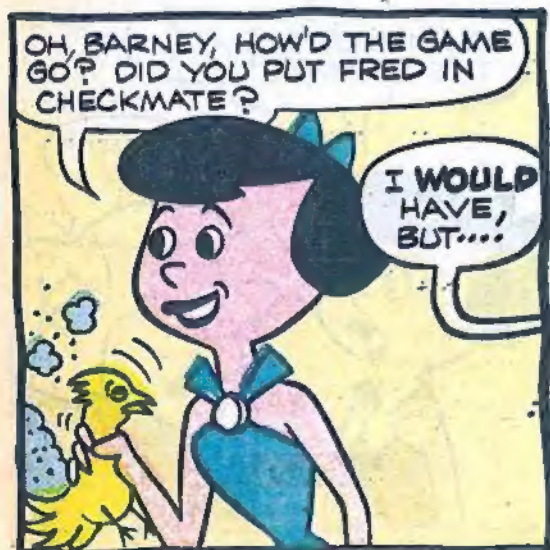
Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

in

WRECK-MATE





Barney & Betty in the RUBBLE

GREAT CHASE

HAVE YOU SEEN
BAMM-BAMM, BARNEY?

YEAH, HE WAS PLAYING
IN THAT BIG BOX THE NEW
T.V. CAME IN!

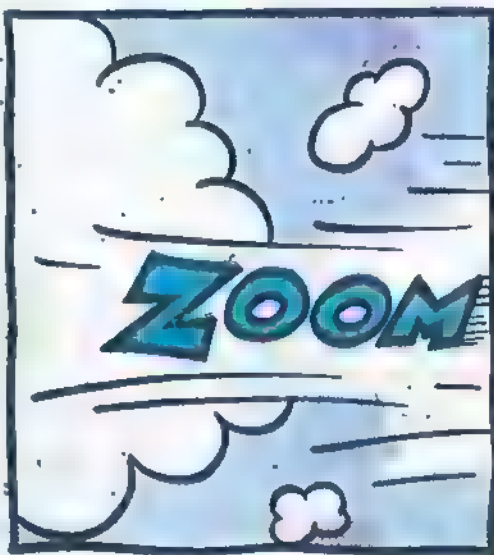
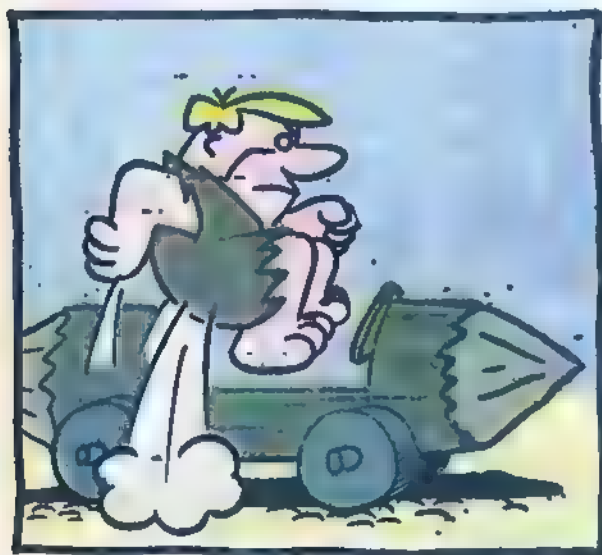
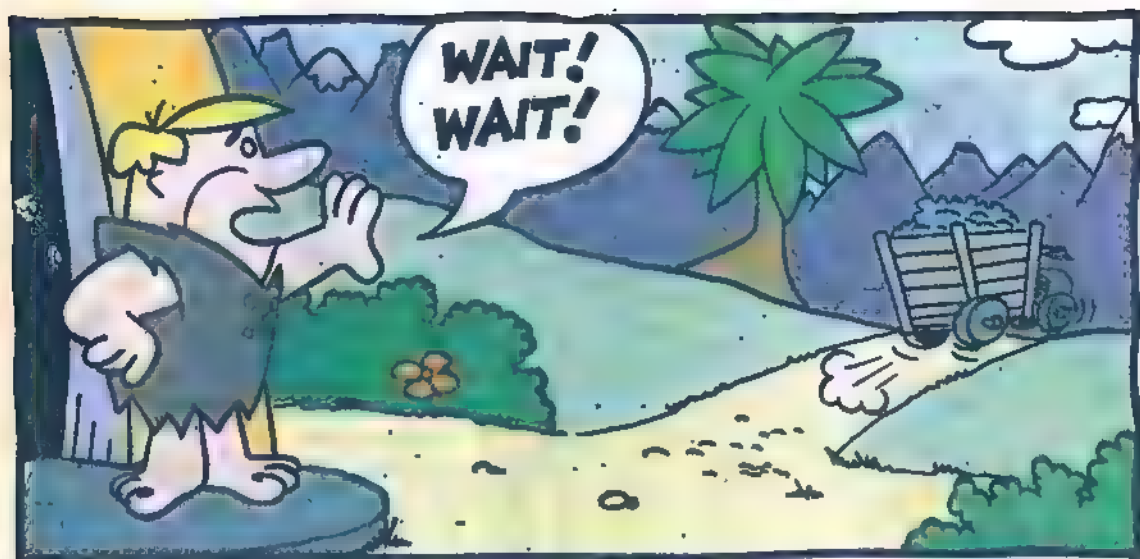
WALKER &
REICHART

OH NO! I JUST
TOLD THE GARBAGE
MEN TO TAKE
THAT BOX!

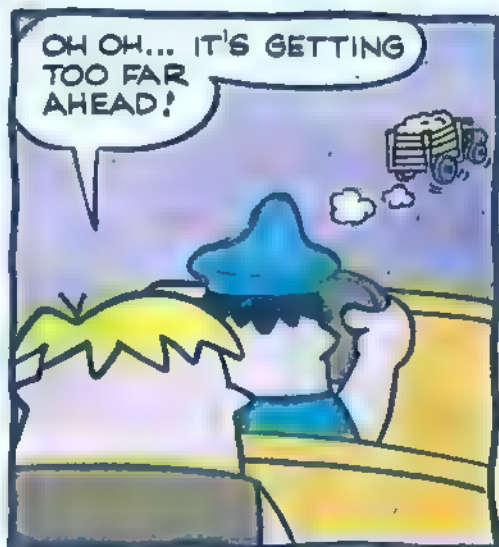
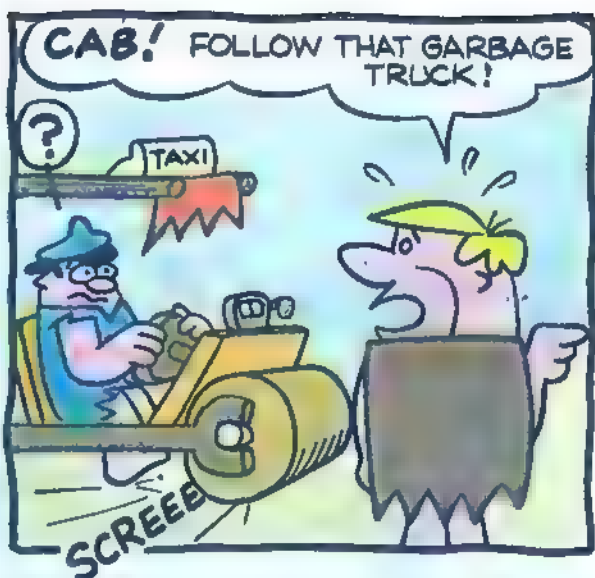
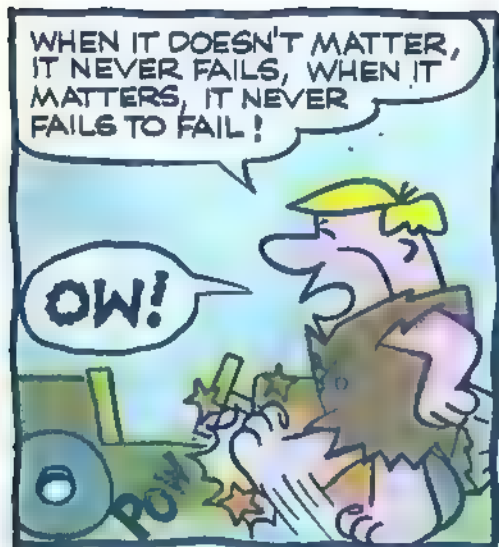
YOU'VE
THROWN
AWAY
OUR
CHILD?!

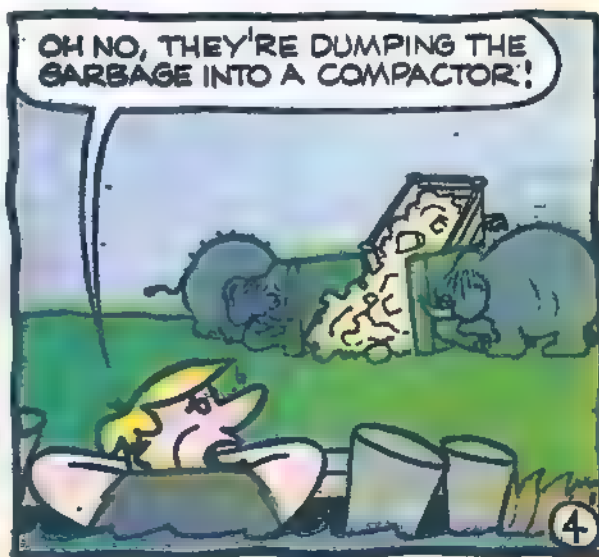
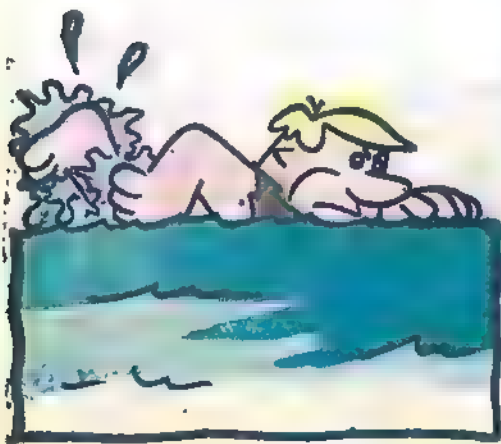
YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH
THE GARBAGE!

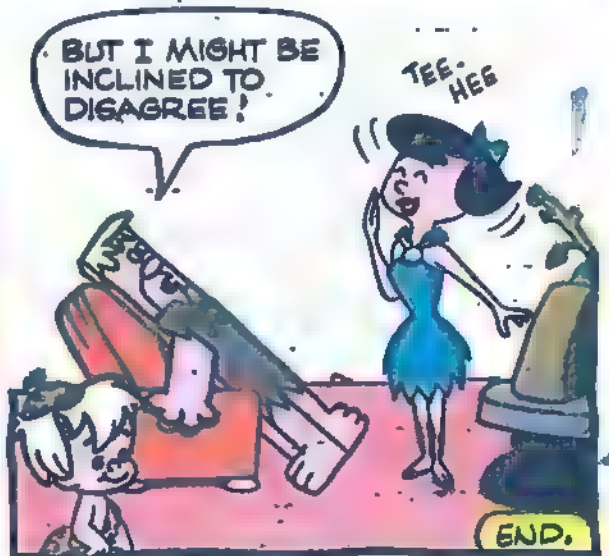
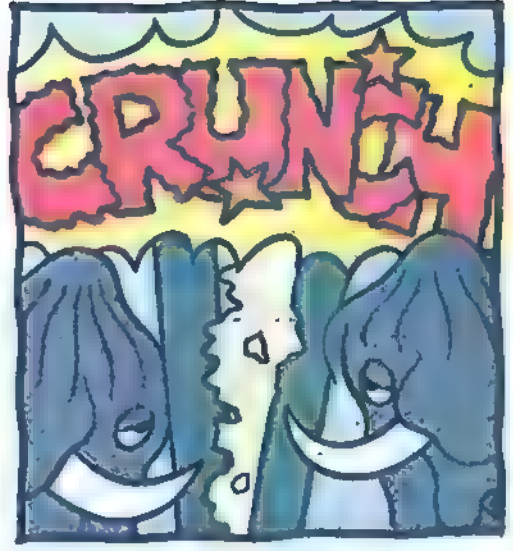
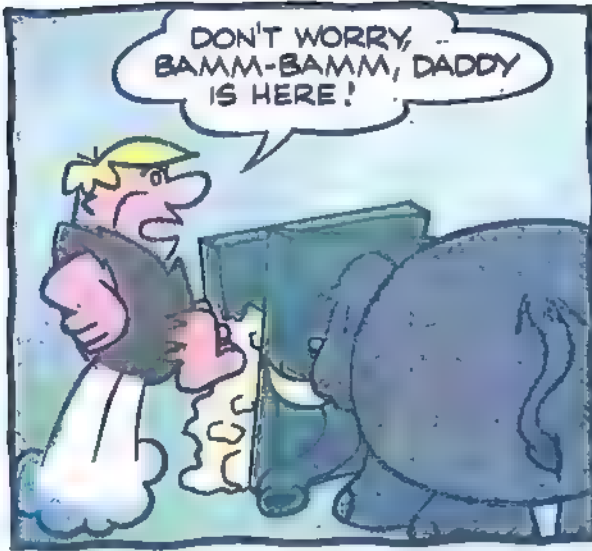
RIGHT!



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BLACKBOARD

My first appointment as a teacher was to P.S. 43 which was located on the east side of our city. I was young, and full of energy and enthusiasm. I wanted to be a good teacher. I taught there for five years and then went to a junior high school. That was a promotion for me. The only trouble with teaching is that you came up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering to you. You never were taught about their existence or how to handle them by the professors in the education courses.

Sammy had trouble with oral arithmetic, so I gave him this "simple" problem:

Open your right hand. In it, I place five cents. Now, you go to your uncle, and you ask him for another five cents. Then, you go to your aunt, and ask her for another five cents. Then, you ask your father for five cents. How much money do you now have?

It didn't take him even half a second to snap back the answer.

"I have only five cents in my hand, teacher. Waa'n't hard."

I sighed. I thought he would come up with the answer of 20 cents. He really couldn't be as dumb as all of that, so I went through it a second time. Again, his answer was five cents.

"You should have told me you had 20 cents," I said harshly.

"Only five cents, teacher. No more. You don't know my family."

Coming to think of it, he was absolutely correct in his answer based on the conditions I had given to him.

Marsha wanted to know who invented spaghetti. I had eaten it many times and never had once contemplated who invented it. What was its origin? So, I asked my class. Who could tell us? Luigi waved his hand wildly. I let him speak.

"My father told me a story about it last week," he began. "It was invented in Italy. The wife of a fisherman was making bread. She was working outside of her house. As she was pounding the dough, some leaves fell into it. What was she to do? She saw her husband's fishing net. That gave her an idea. She would put the dough in the net. It would come through like a strainer, and the leaves would remain behind. This she did. Then, she heard her baby cry. She rushed into the house.

When she came out, she saw long threads of dough had fallen through the net; and the warm sun had set

of hardened them. She cooked them. That's how spaghetti was invented."

I had a Chinese girl by the name of Kim Toy in my class. I'm not too certain about her first name. Maybe it wasn't Kim. She jumped up from her seat. She told us she knew the true story.

"Almost just like Luigi said. But it happened in China. And the inventor was a Chinese not Italian. I don't know why it is told that way."

I realized I was looking for trouble. All I needed was a kind of excuse to leave the inventor of this food product. I wanted to get out. Sammy raised his hand.

"I knew where spaghetti comes from. I can prove it. My mother brought home a box of it. So spaghetti comes from a box."

That saved the day for me. In this particular class, I had a boy called Wimmer. Don't ask me where he got that name. He was very tired, and he would shut his eyes and fall asleep. Then wondered if the lessons bored him. One day, I asked him a simple question.

"If you sleep here in class, you must have a lot of rest. Do you also sleep at home?"

"Not only at home, but also on the bus that takes me home. I have some nice, exciting dreams — always about fights."

But, he did get cured. It took some of my students to do it. I was showing a silent movie (only with titles on it) from the class projector of World War I planes in action. Wimmer fell asleep again, and he snored. It seems he was in perfect coordination with the machine gun fire of the picture. When he awoke, the students thanked him for supplying the sound effects. It certainly had its reaction on him. Where I failed, they succeeded!

Marsha had been nasty in class. At lunch time, Ethel spoke to the girls at her lunch table.

"Marsha is very nasty. I think she holds the record for it."

Marsha came over to the table. Somebody told her what Ethel had said.

"Why did you tell everyone I am nasty? You tell me why?"

"I am sorry," replied Ethel. "I didn't know that you wanted to keep it a secret."

— So went life in a classroom with never a dull moment.

Barney & Betty
RUBBLE

in **Picnic**

BOY OH BOY! THIS WEATHER
IS GONNA BE PERFECT FOR
OUR PICNIC!

I'M JUST ABOUT
READY, BARNEY!

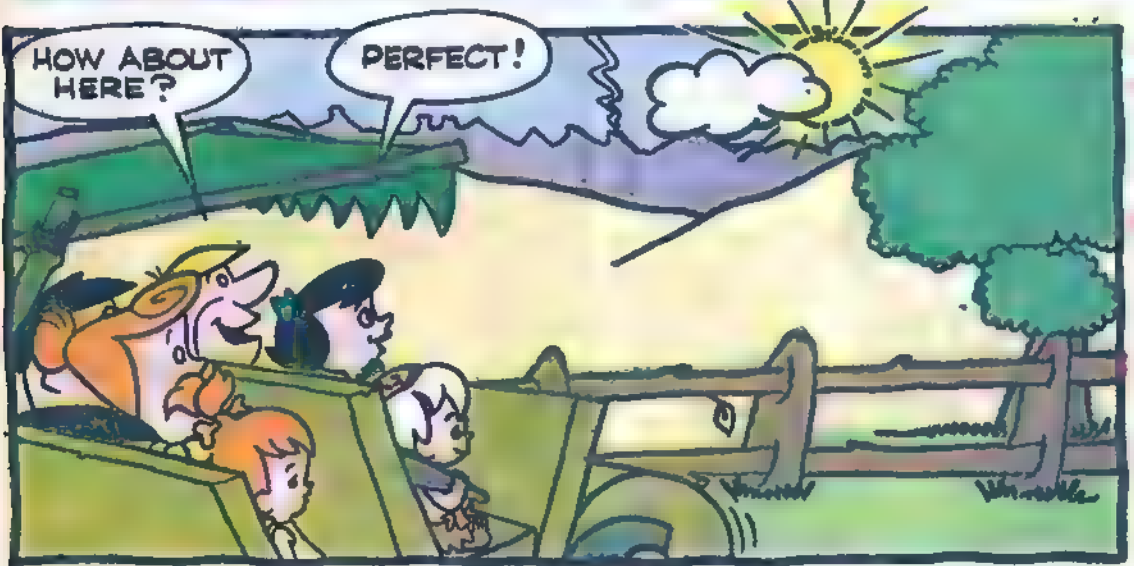
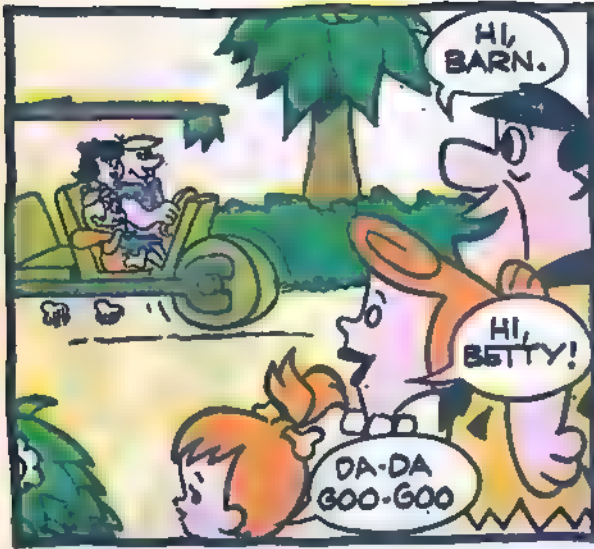
WALKER &
REINHART
D-5603

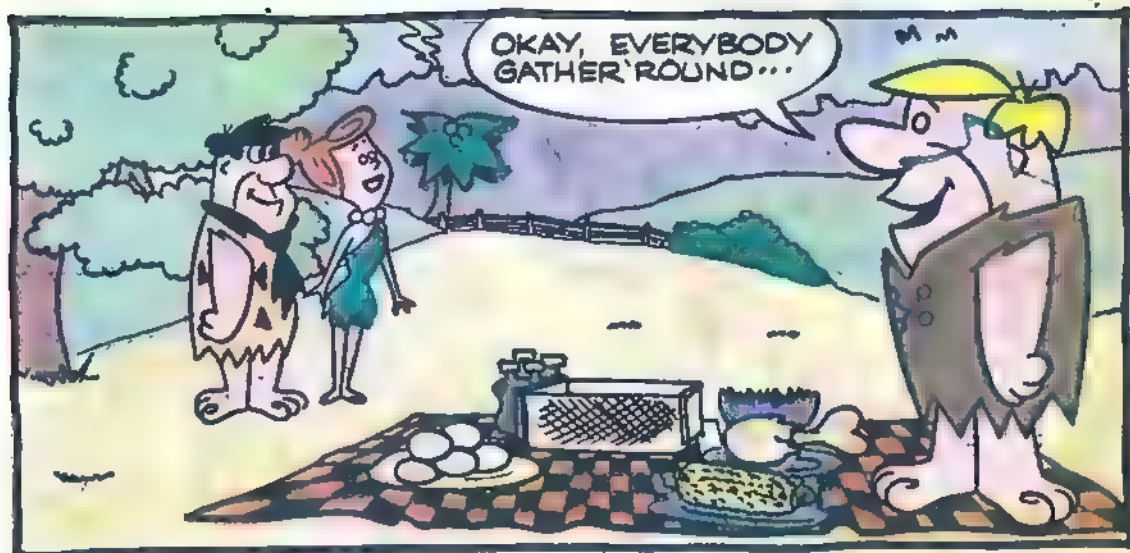
THE WEATHERMAN SAID
IT WAS GOING TO
RAIN TODAY!

THOSE
GUYS ARE
NEVER
RIGHT...

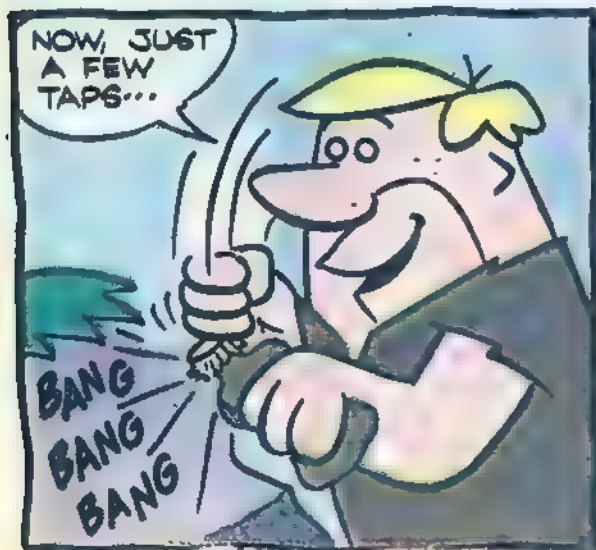
ALL
READY!

GOOD! LET'S GO
GET FRED AND
WILMA!





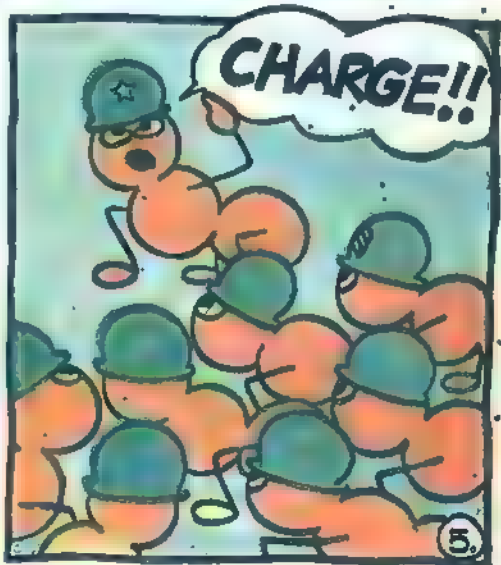
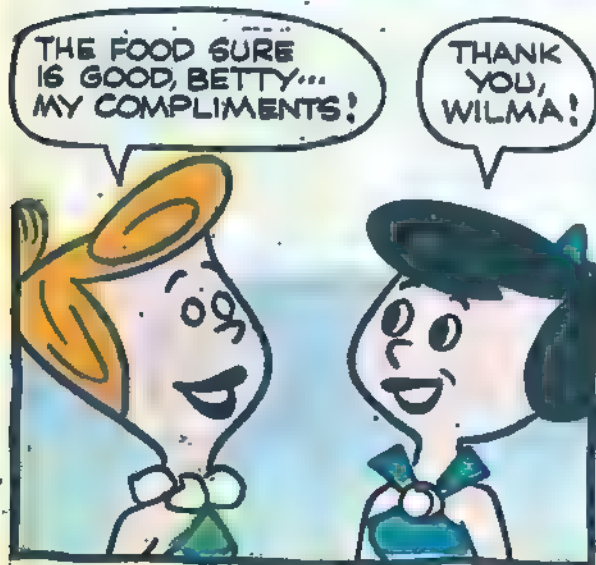
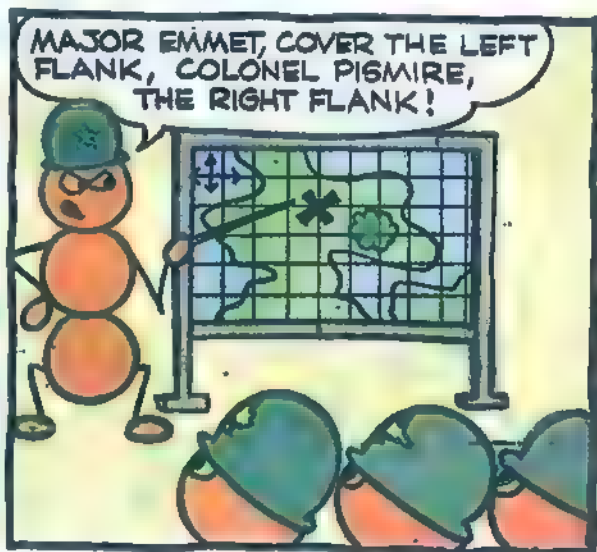
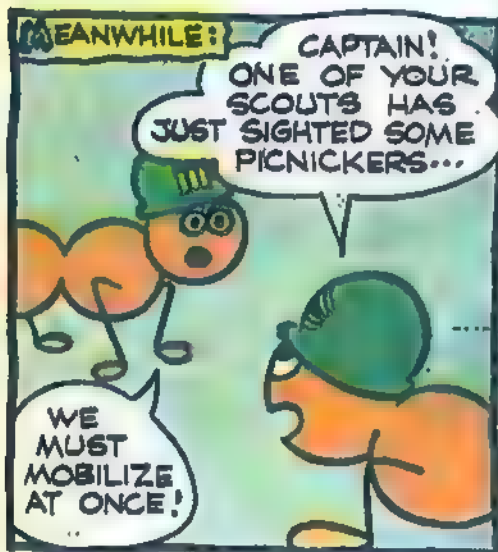
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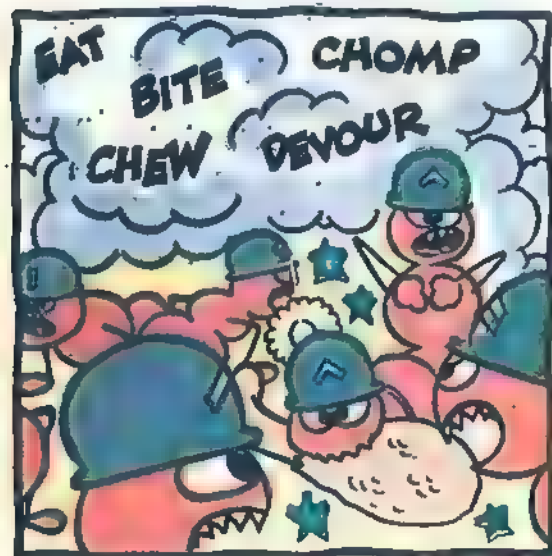
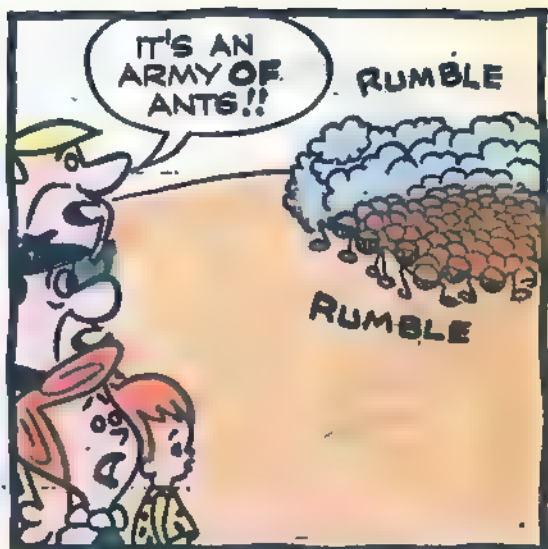
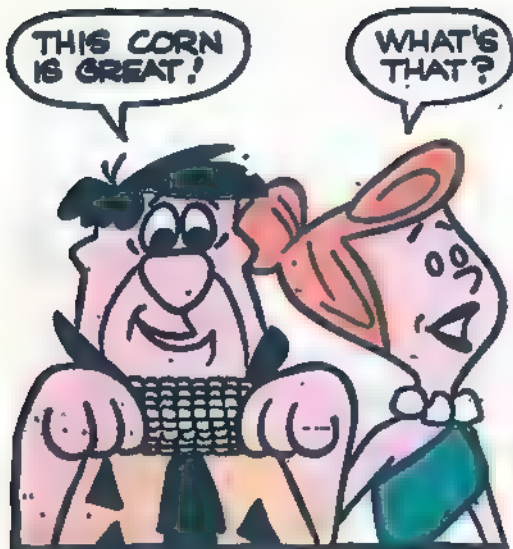


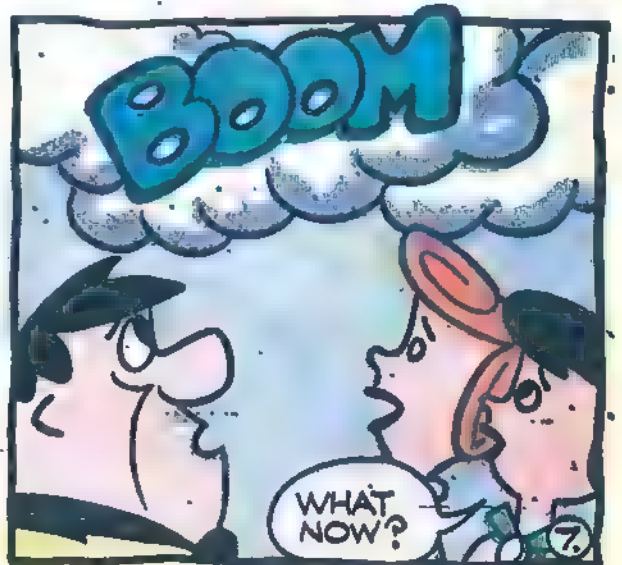
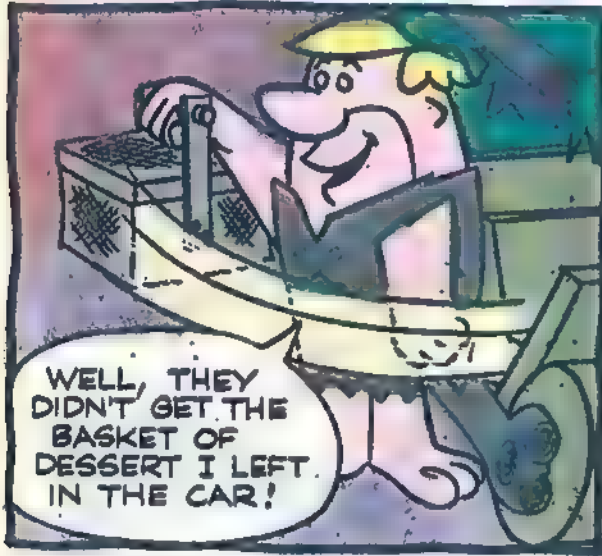
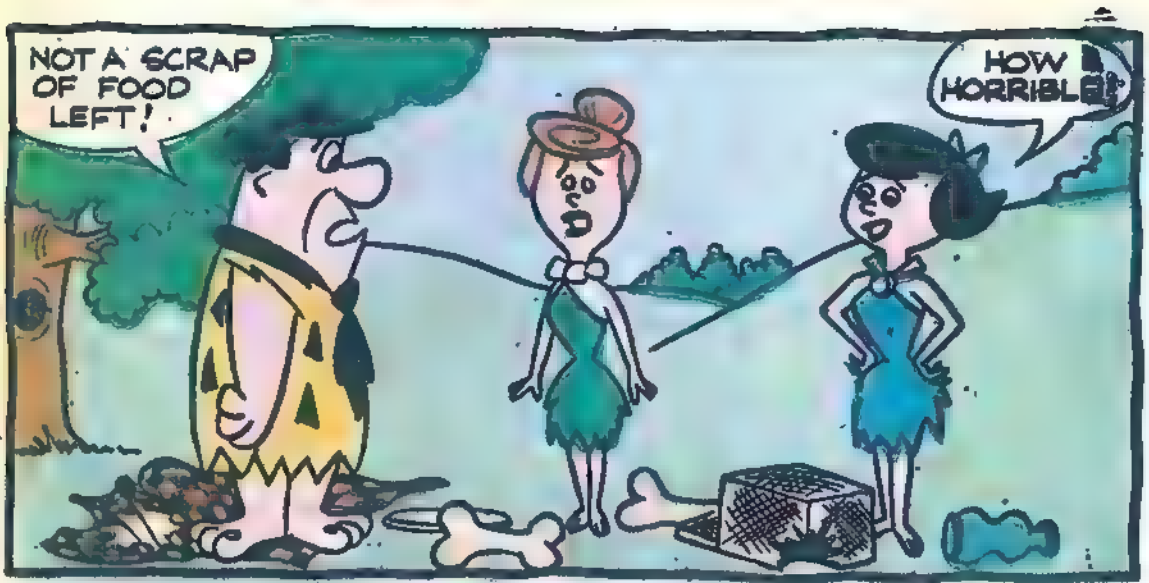
HERE'S YOUR COLA, FRED,
OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT...

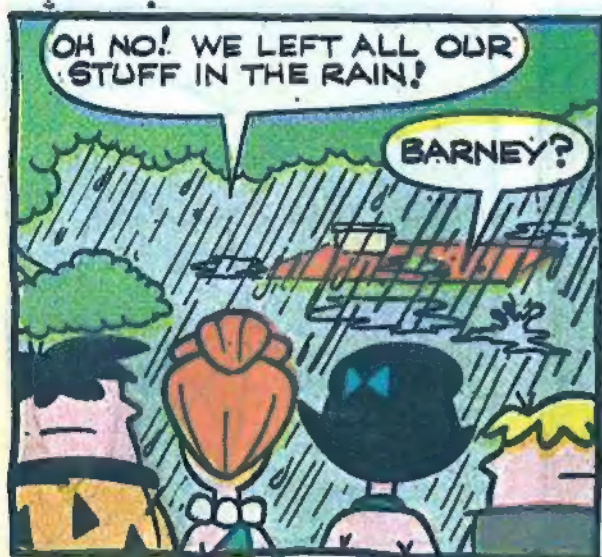
HEE-HEE
HEE-HEE...

HEH
HEH
HEH











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